

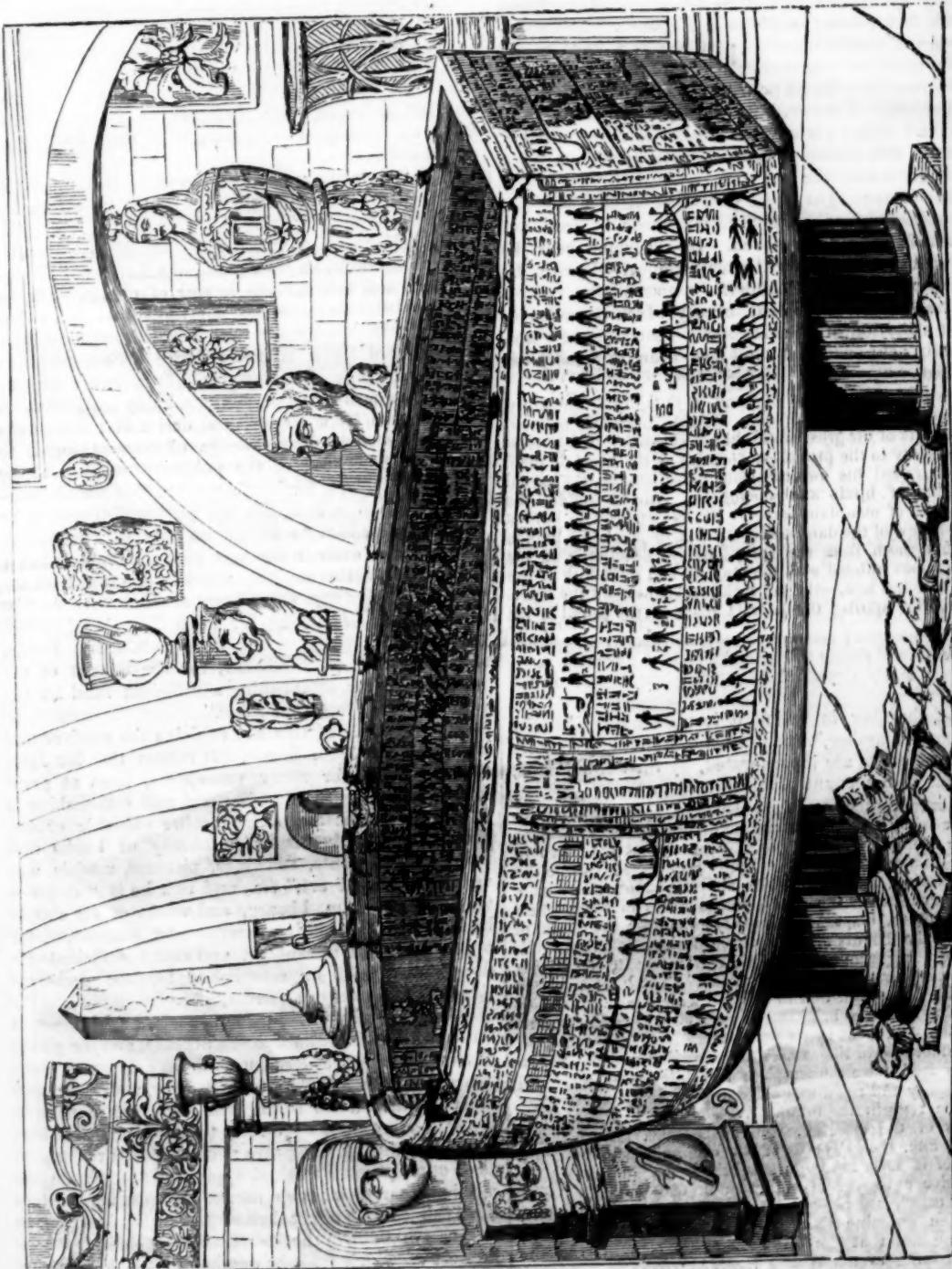
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THE BELZONI SARCOPHAGUS, IN THE SOANE MUSEUM.

THE BELZONI SARCOPHAGUS.

THE Sarcophagus, of which we give an Engraving in the preceding page, was discovered by Belzoni, in one of the tombs of the kings, at Thebes, in a manner which we have already related*. It is formed of that beautiful variety of calcareous stone denominated antique or Oriental alabaster, of which it is supposed to furnish the largest specimen known. The term alabaster, in modern scientific language, is generally applied to a comparatively soft substance which, in chemical phrase, is a sulphate of lime, or a combination of sulphuric acid with lime;—it is, in fact, the *gypsum* from which plaster of Paris is prepared. The material of the Sarcophagus in question, is a hard calcareous stone, to which the name of Arragonite has been given, because its peculiarities were first observed in specimens discovered in the Spanish kingdom of Aragon. It is a carbonate of lime—or a combination of lime with carbonic acid—together with a very small portion of the earth of Strontian.

This Sarcophagus forms part of the Museum which was collected by the late Sir John Soane, at his house in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and which, under the sanction of an act of Parliament, was, shortly before his death, vested in trustees for the use of the public. He thus describes it in his account of the Museum:

This marvellous effort of human industry and perseverance, is supposed to be at least three thousand years old; it is of one piece of alabaster between nine and ten feet in length, and is considered of pre-eminent interest not only as a work of human skill and labour, but as illustrative of the customs, arts, religion and government of a very ancient and learned people. The surface of this monument is covered externally and internally with hieroglyphics comprehending a written language which it is to be hoped the labour of modern literati will render intelligible. With no inconsiderable expense and difficulty, this unique monument was transported from Egypt to England, and placed in the British Museum, to the trustees of which it was offered for two thousand pounds. After which negotiation the idea of purchasing it for our national Collection was relinquished, when it was offered to me at the same price, which offer I readily accepted, and shortly after I had the pleasure of seeing this splendid relic of Egyptian magnificence safely deposited in a conspicuous part of my Museum.

The chamber in which it is placed is called the "Belzoni chamber," and is thus described by a writer whose remarks are incorporated, by Sir John Soane, with his own account of his Museum:

On entering the sepulchral chamber, notwithstanding intense anxiety to behold a work so unique and so celebrated as the Belzoni Sarcophagus, I confess that the place in which this monument of antiquity is situated became the overpowering attraction. Far above, and on every side, were concentrated the most precious relics of architecture and sculpture, disposed so happily as to offer the charm of novelty, the beauty of picturesque design, and that sublimity resulting from a sense of veneration, due to the genius and the labours of the "mighty dead." The light admitted from the dome appeared to descend with a discriminating effect, pouring its brightest beams on those objects most calculated to benefit by its presence.

The more (says the same writer, speaking of the Sarcophagus itself,) we contemplate this interesting memorial of antiquity and regal magnificence, the more our sense of its value rises in the mind. We consider the beauty and scarcity of the material, its transparency, the rich and mellow hue, the largeness of the original block, the adaptation of its form to the purpose which was unquestionably to receive a body enclosed in numerous wrappings, and doubly cased, according to the custom of the Egyptians. We then examine the carving of innumerable figures, doubting not that the history of a life fraught with the most striking events is here recorded; gaze on the beautiful features of the female form sculptured at the bottom of the Sarcophagus, and conclude it to be that of the goddess Isis, the elongated eye and the delicate foot closely

resembling those drawings of her given by the learned Montfaucon, and repeat the exclamation of Belzoni, when he declared that the day on which he found this treasure was the happiest of his life.

Viewed by lamp-light, the effect of the chamber is said to be much more impressive than in "the hour of mid-day splendour."

Seen by this medium every surrounding object, however admirable in itself, becomes subservient to the Sarcophagus—the ancient, the splendid, the wonderful Sarcophagus is before us, and all else are but accessories to its dignity and grandeur: a mingled sense of awe, admiration and delight, pervades our faculties, and is even oppressive in its intensity, yet endearing in its associations.

Sir John Soane had the chamber thus lighted up in the year 1825 on three evenings "during which the rank and talent of this country, to an immense number, including many foreigners of distinction, enjoyed an exhibition as striking as it must have been unrivaled."

This Sarcophagus was discovered by Belzoni, in the course of the ten months during which he was in the employment of Mr. Salt*, in the year 1817.

The collection, of which this Sarcophagus constitutes so splendid an ornament, was formed at a large expense, and through the labour of many years, by the late Sir John Soane, an individual somewhat eccentric in his nature, but devoted apparently to art. Moved by a laudable desire of preserving a collection which had been brought together with so much care and expense, and probably instigated, in some degree, by a very natural desire of posthumous fame, he conceived the design of bequeathing it to trustees for the use of the public, providing, at the same time, a fund for keeping it up. He found, however, that, to accomplish his purpose, it would be necessary for him to obtain an Act of Parliament. Accordingly, early in the year 1833, he presented a petition for a Private Bill, which was passed on the 20th of April in that year, being entitled "An Act for settling and preserving Sir John Soane's Museum, Library, and Works of Art in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the county of Middlesex, for the benefit of the public, and for establishing a sufficient fund for the due maintenance of the same."

The preamble of this Act explains the motives and object of Sir John Soane. It recites that Sir John Soane "hath, for many years past, been at great labour and expense in collecting and establishing a Museum, comprising, among other valuable effects, the Belzoni Sarcophagus, a library of books and manuscripts, prints, drawings, pictures, models, and various works of art," &c., and that he is "desirous that such museum, library, and works of art should be kept together, and preserved and maintained for public use and advantage, and that a sufficient endowment should be established for the preservation and maintenance thereof," &c.

It accordingly provides for vesting the Museum in trustees after Sir John Soane's decease, and for giving free access to it "at least on two days in every week throughout the months of April, May, and June, and at such other times in the same or other months as the said trustees shall direct, to amateurs and students in painting, sculpture and architecture, and to such other persons as shall apply for, and obtain admission thereto, at such hours," &c. as the trustees shall think fit. The act then empowers Sir John Soane to invest 30,000*l.* in the 3 per Cent. Consols in trust, the interest of which shall be applied to the keeping up of the Museum and in the payment of the salaries of a Curator and an Inspectress. It also contained a

* Belzoni asserts that he never was regularly employed by Mr. Salt; but it seems very clear that he was, although he laboured under a strange misimpression on the subject.

provision to the effect that Sir John Soane might bequeath the collection to the British Museum.

The feelings which this act of liberality on the part of Sir John Soane excited, were well expressed by Sir Robert Inglis, during the progress of the Bill through the House of Commons. "The value of this gift" said that Honourable Baronet, "is such that I cannot permit it to pass by unnoticed. . . . I believe no man ever dedicated so large a portion of his fortune and of his labour, to the promotion of these objects as Sir John Soane. Certainly there are very few men who, possessing a property of this kind,—a property available for the gratification of other and more sordid motives,—are disposed to make to the people of this country a donation, which is in every respect so munificent."

The Museum is at present to be viewed by tickets, obtained from the executors of Sir John Soane.

SECOND VISIT* TO THE CASTLE, BADEN.

Our motives for returning to the dismal scene were twofold,—one being to indulge Mr. H. in his wish for a sketch of the passage leading to the *oubliette* †; and the other to try if we could persuade our black-eyed Alsatian girl, to let us mount to the chamber from whence prisoners were let down into the dungeons. By the aid of perseverance we succeeded in both. The damsel seemed rather surprised at seeing us again; and, when informed of our wish to be permitted to remain for some time in the vaults, looked as if she suspected that we had, one and all, lost our wits. I shall never forget the look she gave Mr. H., when he made her understand his object.

"Make a picture there?" she exclaimed; "that is very whimsical."

After thinking about it for a moment, she said, that if we were determined upon this, we must consent to be locked up in the dungeons; for that she was particularly enjoined never to leave them open. We did so, and were accordingly once more led down to this region of blackest night. Having told us to be careful of our candles, and keep together, she turned the grating lock, and we were left to indulge to the full, in all the thick-coming fancies that were sure to visit us. The only indication of not quite liking the business that I ventured to give, was by desiring, with some earnestness, that our confinement should not exceed half an hour. This our pretty guide promised, and having thus bid adieu to everything like agreeable sensations for that space, I gave myself up to the full consciousness of all the positive, real, and unimaginative powers of the spot; which I am sure can never be done completely, with merely following a guide through its recesses.

The only mode that could be devised, by which Mr. H. could make the sketch he wished, was having a light held over the fearful *oubliette*. I volunteered this service, and performed it too; and though I will not take credit for having braved any real danger thereby, I nevertheless feel conscious of having mastered a whole legion of airy spirits, as I stood on this hideous threshold, in the act of passing which, so many aching hearts had heaved their last sigh; for the next step precipitated them down the yawning yet hidden gulf, where their wrongs and their sufferings were stifled and silenced for ever.

When the half hour was fully elapsed, we had the satisfaction of hearing the sound of a key rattling in

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. X., p. 237.

† An *oubliette* is a vaulted dungeon, with only one aperture in the top for admission and air. It is so called, because persons confined in such a horrible abode were looked upon as consigned to oblivion.

the lock that shut us in. The damsel smiled at seeing us all waiting on the threshold as she opened it.

"I have left you long enough it appears," said she; and then assured us, with some earnestness, that she had not exceeded the time named. Our watches perfectly confirmed this,—nevertheless, it appeared to me the longest half hour I ever passed.

I believe she thought we must have had enough of the secret tribunal; for when we reminded her of her promise to take us to the treacherous guest-chamber, she uttered the word "Indeed!" in a tone of much surprise. She kept her promise, however, and led us to the top of the building, where we saw the whole of the extraordinary contrivance resorted to, for the purpose of securing a prisoner with a degree of secrecy, which must have set all curiosity at defiance.

The place we were taken to certainly did not resemble "an ordinary chamber," as the girl had called it, though it might have done so before the burning of the castle, and its subsequent repairs. The situation and arrangement of the secret descent to the vaults are so remarkable, that in order to describe them, it will be necessary to begin from the entrance to the castle. The great doorway opens into a vaulted hall or vestibule, traversed at the further end by a wide passage, leading on the right hand to the principal apartments of the *rez-de-chaussée*, and to the offices on the left. Immediately in front of that vestibule, are three pairs of large folding-doors. The one on the left opens upon a flight of steps leading to the gardens; and that on the right, upon an enormous spiral staircase, by which we were led to the top of the building. The column, around which it turned, was of enormous dimensions, and the stairs themselves were at least six feet in width.

We continued to mount this flight, without any diminution of its width, for three stories, when we found ourselves in a sort of open garret: and close beside the spot where the spiral staircase ended, our guide pointed to a net-work of iron, fastened by a padlock, over a hole that sunk deeper below it than the eye could reach. We immediately perceived that the monstrous staircase we had mounted, wound round this aperture; and, consequently, that the castle had been built with a view to this frightful entrance to its vaults. When we again reached the foot of the stairs, our attention was directed to the centre pair of folding-doors, which it now appeared evident must open upon the interior and hidden descent. My son put his hand upon the lock, but the damsel stopped him. "There is nothing there, sir, you have seen everything." We persisted, however, and at length she permitted us to enter.

These large and stately doors opened upon a closet; but upon examination, we found that it communicated both with the dungeon below, and the secret entrance from above. From this arrangement, it appears probable, that in some cases, when the unhappy victim, marked for *oblivion*, was brought into the castle, he was immediately led, by this handsome entrance, into what might have had the appearance of a small ante-room; and there, without further delay, lowered to his slaughter-house and his tomb.

Those who love to penetrate into the recesses of old rambling buildings, and to amuse their imaginations by assigning uses to most unaccountable collections of arches, vaults, and passages, should not fail to explore all that part of the castle which opens upon the gardens. Part of this side front is converted into a sort of rude green-house; but by far the greater portion consists of the most puzzling and intricate labyrinth of stone and cement, that I ever attempted to thread.—*Mrs. TROLLOPE'S Belgium.*

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

No. XI.

FLUIDS expand by heat much more than solids, as I can easily show you. Here is a Florence oil-flask, which I have filled with water to within a quarter of an inch of its mouth. I have twisted a bit of wire round the neck, so that I can hang it before the fire: if you now watch it for a little time, you will find that as the flask gets warm, the water will rise in the neck, and will soon entirely fill the flask, nay, more than fill it; for if we keep it before the fire much longer, some of the water would run over: we will not do this; but when the water has got to the top, we will take the flask away, and let it cool; and in the course of an hour or two, we shall find the water exactly at the same level in the neck that it was at first. From this simple experiment, therefore, we must infer that the *fluid expands* by heat, and *contracts* by cold.

Spirits of wine, oil, or oil of turpentine, or any other fluids would have done the same thing; but it is rather dangerous to use these inflammable things in so large a quantity, and therefore I must show you their expansions and contractions on a smaller scale.

Here are some long and narrow two-ounce glass phials, and I have chosen them as nearly of the same size as I could. I will now make a scratch, with a bit of sharp flint, at the same height on each: there are four of them, and each is to be filled exactly up to the mark with a different liquid; I will put *water* into the first, *oil* into the second, *oil of turpentine* into the third, and *spirits of wine* into the fourth. There, now I have *similar bulks* or *measures* of *different fluids*; let us see what will happen when they are all *heated alike*.

I will set them standing upright in this basin, which has a little cold water in it, and then very gradually pour some boiling water down its sides, so as to run as little chance as possible of breaking the phials, and that is the reason why some cold water was put into the basin first, that it might take off a little of the heat from the boiling water.

Now the phials have been in the hot water about five minutes, I will take them out quickly, and place them, standing together on the level table; now look if each fluid stands at the height that it did.

No; the *water* has risen a little above the mark, the *oil* more, the *turpentine* much more, and the *spirits of wine* very much more. What are we to infer from this? Why, that although heated alike, the different fluids expand differently or unequally; that the *oil* and *turpentine* are more expansive than the *water*, and that the *spirits of wine* exceeds them all in this property.

Let the phials and their contents cool, and all the fluids will return to their former bulks.

But you ask me, Do these and other fluids expand in all directions like solids; and if so, why do they not break the phials? They do expand in all directions; but their parts being moveable, and therefore unlike solids, they easily adapt themselves to the shape of the phial or vessel in which they are placed; they do not burst the phial, because there is room left for expansion, into which they *rise*, and appear, therefore, to expand only in one direction; but if we do not allow this room, then they exert great force.

Here is a glass phial: I have filled it *quite* full of water, corked it up, and secured the cork with sealing-wax and string. If I put this phial into a basin of hot water, its contents will begin to expand; but there being no room for the expansion, the phial will very likely burst.

As fluids expand by heat, and contract by cold, it follows that their *specific gravity* must be altered; by the term specific gravity is meant the relative weight of *equal bulks* of bodies.

If I take this bottle, and weigh it, or take its tare, and then fill it with water, and weigh it again, I find it holds 1000 grains of water: if I now hold it in my hand for a short time, the heat causes the water to expand, and some will therefore flow out at the neck, so that if I now wipe the outside of the bottle dry, and weigh it again, I find that it does not weigh so much as before; the bottle, however, is still full, that is to say, I have exactly the *same bulk* of water, but being heated, it weighs less: its *specific gravity* is diminished.

Well, then, *cold water is heavier than hot water*, and this can be very easily shown.

Here is a tall ale-glass nearly full of cold water, and here is a teacup-ful of hot water, just slightly tinged red with a little cochineal: here is a small syringe, or "squirt," and I fill it with the hot water; then putting its end against the inside of the glass, and nearly touching the cold water, I force the hot water out very gently. There it does not mix with the cold water, but remains *floating* on it, as the red tinge shows you very distinctly, and I only put the cochineal for this purpose.

Now let us try if cold water will *sink* through hot water, for such ought to be the case. Here is a tall ale-glass nearly full of hot water: I have taken out the piston of the syringe; and now by putting my finger at the small end, I fill it with cold water coloured with cochineal; this being done, I put my thumb over the large end, so as to close it, and remove the finger; no water will run out: now, placing the small end just below the surface of the hot water, I very gently raise my thumb only a very little, and the cold water begins to flow in a slender stream; look, it *falls* through the hot water, and does not mix with it for some time.

Here is one more experiment to show the same fact. I have here a little tin cup, and by putting some very small shot into it, I can so adjust its weight as to make it just *float* on this cold water in this basin: you see it scarcely floats; its edge is so near the water, that a very little more weight would sink it.

I will now take it out, and place it very carefully on the hot water in this other basin; with all my care it will not float, but sinks to the bottom: the weight of the cup is exactly what it was just now, but the hot water is not of the same weight as the cold water; it is much *lighter*, and therefore cannot support or float the cup.

I have a great deal more to say upon this curious subject, but here I must conclude for the present.

COURTESY of temper, when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.—SIR W. SCOTT.

GRIEF at the loss of friends is natural. To say, therefore, that tears for the deceased are unseasonable, because they are unprofitable, is to speak without regard to the state and condition of human nature. A pious tear is a sign of humanity and generosity; but still, exceeding care must be taken, that men do not run into excesses in this kind. To *grieve* may be laudable: to be loud and querulous is childish, and to carry matters so far as to refuse comfort, is inexcusable. It is impious towards God, without whose permission nothing happens in the world: it expresses too great disregard to other men, as though no one remained worthy of esteem or love; and it is highly prejudicial to ourselves, as it impairs our health, weakens our minds, unfit us for our several offices, and sometimes ends in death itself.—BISHOP CONYBEARE.

EASY LESSONS ON CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. No. I.

HOW DID OUR FOREFATHERS BECOME CHRISTIANS?

If any one were to ask you how you came to be a Christian, perhaps you would answer that it is because you were born and brought up in a Christian country, and that your parents were Christians, and had taught you to believe that the Christian religion is true. And if, again, your parents were asked the same question, perhaps they might give the same answer. They might say that their parents had brought them up as Christians; and so on.

But you know that it cannot always have been so. You know that the Christian religion had a beginning. You know that the disciples of Jesus Christ, and their followers, went about among various nations, making converts to his religion, among people who had been worshippers of the Sun and Moon, and of various false gods. Our forefathers were among those nations. In former days, the people of these Islands were what we call Heathen, or Pagans; that is, worshippers of a number of supposed gods, whom they believed to govern the world, and to whom they offered sacrifices and prayers. We have among us a kind of monument of this, in the names of the days of the week; each day having been dedicated [or made sacred] to some one of their gods. Thus, the first day of the week, which we sometimes call the Lord's day, in honour of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, still keeps also the name of Sunday, from its having been dedicated in former times to the worship of the Sun; as Monday was to the Moon; Tuesday to Tuesco, or Mars, the god of war; Wednesday to Woden or Mercury; Thursday to Thor, or Jupiter; and so of the rest*.

Now our forefathers who were worshippers of these Gods would have told any one who might have questioned them on the subject, that this was the religion of their country, and what they had learned from their parents. And at the present day there are many nations still in the same condition with our forefathers; among others, great numbers of our fellow-subjects in the British dominions in the East Indies have been brought up as Pagans, and worship various false gods. And, again, there are many who are followers of Mohammed, whom they hold to be a prophet superior to Jesus Christ.

Now, what I want you to consider is this: Have you any better reason for believing in the truth of the Christian religion, than a Mohammedan has for believing in his religion, or the Pagans in theirs? And do you think you can learn, and ought to learn, to give some better reason? They believe what their parents have told them, merely for that reason, and because it is the religion of their country, and the wisest men of the nation have told them it is true. If you are content to do the same, then, though there may be a great difference between your religion and theirs, there is no difference at all in the grounds of your belief and of theirs. If ten persons, for example, all hear different accounts of some transaction, and each believes just what he happens to hear from his next neighbour, then, if nine of those accounts are false, and one true, he who chances to have heard the true one is right only by accident, and has no better grounds for his belief than the rest. In the same manner, if several different persons hold each the religion of their fathers, and have no other reason, and seek no other reason, for doing so, then, though one of them may happen to believe a true religion, and the rest false ones, it is plain he has no better grounds for his belief than they. What he believes may be in itself right; but

we cannot say that he is more right in so believing it, than the others are.

Now do you think it is the duty of each man to keep to the religion of his fathers, without seeking any proofs of its being true, but satisfied with merely taking it on trust, because his teachers have told him so? If so, our forefathers would have been wrong in renouncing their pagan religion, and embracing Christianity. They had been brought up in the worship of the Sun, and Moon, and Woden, and their other gods; and so had the ancient Greeks and Romans, to whom the Apostles preached. This had been the long-established religion of their country, handed down to them from their forefathers, many of whom were great statesmen, and wise and learned writers; and if this had been a sufficient reason for their keeping to it without inquiry, they would have been bound to reject the Gospel, and continue Pagans. And this we know is what many of them did; refusing to listen to the Apostles and others, who offered them proof that they had "not followed cunningly devised fables in making known to them the coming and power of the Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Peter i. 16.)

Now we cannot think these men acted more wisely than those Pagans who set themselves to inquire what was true, and who did embrace Christianity. These last must have had strong reasons for doing as they did. It could not have been from love of change for its own sake, or mere idle whim; for we know that many of them had to face the ridicule, and blame, and sometimes persecution, from their friends and countrymen. And what is more, they had to change their mode of life, and to renounce, on becoming Christians, many evil habits which had been tolerated in the Pagan religions. For we find the Apostles, Paul especially, speaking often of the abominable vices in which the Pagans had been accustomed to indulge, and which the converts to Christianity were required to abstain from. Ephesians ii. 1; "And you hath he made alive [quickened] who were dead in trespasses and sins, wherein in times past ye walked according to the course of this world * * * fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind." Peter tells the Christians he is writing to, [1 Peter iv. 3,] that the times past of their life may suffice to have wrought the will of the Gentiles; *i. e.*, to have lived as the Gentiles did, according to their sinful inclinations; "wherein," says he, "they think it strange that you run not with them into the same excess of riot." And you will find mention made in many other parts of the New Testament, of the change of life which the Christians submitted to.

Now it must be a difficult thing for a man to bring himself to throw off (as the early converts to Christianity must have done,) his early habits, and his veneration for the gods of his country, in whose worship he had been brought up, and his reverence for wise, and illustrious, and powerful men among his countrymen, and his regard for the good opinion of his neighbours, and also his care for his own peace and safety. Yet all this must have been done by many of those of our forefathers, and other Pagans who first embraced the Christian religion. They must, therefore, have had a strong conviction of the truth of the religion; not from their having been brought up in it as you were; for it was quite the contrary with them; but for some other reason. They must have had some convincing evidence of its truth; or else we may be sure they would not have received it.

And it appears that they were taught by the Apostles not only to *have* a reason, but also to be able to *give* a reason to others, for the faith which they

* See Saturday Mag., Vol. IV., pp. 6, 16, 24, 48, 72, 136, and 240.

held. Be "ready always, (says the Apostle Peter,) to give an answer [or defence] to every one that asketh a reason of the hope that is in you." And it does certainly seem very fair that they should be asked by their neighbours, and should be expected to answer the question, "why do you renounce the gods of the country, and embrace the religion of this Jesus, and call on us to do the same?" This, I say, would appear a very fair question to be asked of persons living in the midst of Pagans, and educated as such.

But perhaps you may think this was not at all intended to apply to you, who have had the happiness of being brought up in a Christian country. You should remember, however, that you may some time or other chance to meet with some of these Pagans, or Mohammedans whom we have been speaking of, to some of whom we have sent missionaries to convert them. And besides this, you may hereafter meet with persons of our own nation, who doubt or disbelieve the truth of Christianity; and their doubt or disbelief is likely to be very much strengthened, if they find that you have no better reason for being Christians, than the Turks have for being Mohammedans, or the ancient Greeks and Romans for worshipping Jupiter; or your own forefathers, Thor and Woden; namely, that such is the religion of the country. They will be apt to say, "These religions cannot be all true; but they may be all equally false: they are, perhaps, only so many different forms of superstition, in which the people of different countries have been brought up, and which they all believe in, each because they have been brought up in it, without seeking for any other reason."

The Apostle's direction, therefore, you may be sure, applies to all Christians in every age and country. It is needful for all of them to be able to give a reason of the hope that is in them. And among others, you may give as one reason, what I have just put before you: that those who first embraced Christianity, renouncing for it, as they did, their early prejudices, and their habits, and often their friends, and their comfort and safety in this world, must have had some strong evidence to convince them that it was true. It is not merely from the Christian writers of the New Testament that we learn how much those had to bear and to do who embraced the Gospel. We may be sure, even from the very nature of the case, how great their difficulties must have been. And, therefore, we could feel no doubt, that when they did become Christians, it must have been on some strong reasons, even though we had no knowledge what those reasons were.

It is possible for us, however, to inquire, and to learn, what the reasons were which satisfied them of the truth of the religion. And it must, therefore, be a duty for all who have the opportunity, to learn what proofs it rests on, that they may be ready to give an answer, to those that ask them a reason of their hope, that the Apostles not only required their converts to be ready to give a reason, but must themselves have supplied them with reasons; since they could not have made them converts without offering proofs to satisfy them that the religion was true.

And this is one point which distinguishes the Christian religion from those of the Pagans; for it does not appear that any of these religions ever made any appeal to proof, or claimed to be received except from their being the ancient established belief of the country. The Christian religion was brought in, in opposition to all these, by means of the reasons given,—the evidence which convinced the early Christians that the religion did truly come from God. It must, therefore, be the duty of Christians to learn what that evidence is.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND AND WILLIAM PENN.

WHEN William Penn was about to sail from England to Pennsylvania, he went to take leave of the King, and the following conversation occurred.—

"Well, friend William," said Charles, "I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself." "Yes I have," replied William, "and I am just come to bid thee farewell."

"What! venture yourself among the savages of North America? Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?" "The best security in the world," replied Penn. "I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals but in a regiment of good soldiers with their muskets and bayonets; and mind, I tell you beforehand, that with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a soldier with you." "I want none of thy soldiers," answered William, "I depend on something better than thy soldiers." The king wished to know what that was. "Why, I depend on themselves—on their own moral sense—even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men."—"I fear, friend William, that that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America." "Why not to them as well as to others?" "If it had appeared to them," said the king, "they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done." "That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come on shore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on all that they had. In return for the hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country, and rich hunting-grounds, for farms for themselves!—Now, is it to be wondered at that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that burning with revenge they should have committed some excesses?" "Well, then, I hope, friend William, you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner."—"I am not afraid of it," said Penn. "Ay! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting-grounds too, I suppose?" "Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them." "No indeed, how then will you get their lands?" "I mean to buy their lands of them." "Buy their lands of them! Why man you have already bought them of me." "Yes I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good-will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands; no, friend Charles, no right at all; what right hast thou to their lands?" "Why, the right of discovery; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another." "The right of discovery! A strange kind of right, indeed. Now, suppose, friend Charles, some canoe-loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of them?" "Why—why—why," replied Charles, "I must confess I should think it a piece of great impudence in them." "Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles, and suppose again that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, dost thou not think it horribly cruel?" The king assented to this with marks of conviction. William proceeded—"well, then, friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor in an heathen? No, I will not do it—but I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby ensure his blessing on my colony."

Pennsylvania soon became a flourishing colony, and existed for seventy years, (the period when the quakers held the government,) without any force beyond that of the constable's staff—and during that seventy years it was never invaded by any hostile power.—*Life of William Penn.*

* A few years before, one Hunt, an English Captain, decoyed twenty of these Indians on board his vessel to trade, and having secured them, set sail for Europe, and sold them to the Spaniards, at Malaga, for slaves.—*Hist. of Philadelphia.*

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's Anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now;

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound; And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round, All clad in leatheran panoply, their broad hands only bare; Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,

And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every thro'e; It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow! 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright; the high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show; The roof-ribes swarth, the cudent hearth, the ruddy lurid row Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe; As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow— "Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out," bang, bang, the sledges go;

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low; A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow; The leatheran mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow

The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;

And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load! Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower, thick and broad; For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode, And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;

The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board; The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains,

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains, And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high,

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time, Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime; But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be, The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we! Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red! Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array, For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an cozy couch of clay; Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,

For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;

When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home, And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last, A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from eft was cast. O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me, What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou? The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales, And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scouring tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn, And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn, And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn; To leap down on the kraken's back, where, 'mid Norwegian isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles; Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls, Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or haply in a cove, Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love, To find the long-haired maidens; or, hard by icy lands, To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O, broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line; And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day, Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play; But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave, A fisher's joy is to destroy,—thine office is to save.

O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band, Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend, With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend—

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee, Thine iron side would swell with pride thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand, To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland— Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave

So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave— Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have fondly sung, Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

[BLACKWOOD'S Magazine.]

THERE is, perhaps, no feeling of our nature so complicated, so vague, so mysterious, as that with which we look upon the cold remains of our fellow-mortals. The dignity with which death invests even the meanest of his victims, inspires us with awe no living creature can create. The monarch on his throne is less awful than the beggar in his shroud. The marble features, the powerless hand, the stiffened limbs, the eye closed and glazed. Oh, can we contemplate these with feelings which can be defined? These are the mockery of all our hopes and fears; of our fondest love, and of our fellest hate.—?

VANITY is the canker of religion; it gnaws like a worm at the root; and when we look for the harvest, the fruit is dust and bitterness. How anxiously should we, therefore, watch its inroads! How carefully should we draw the fence round our hearts! How especially should they, by whom it has been long indulged, guard against its revivals! For nothing is so dangerous as an old enemy under a new name; and religious vanity is both more offensive and more insidious than any other.—MRS. SANDFORD.

NOTES ON FOREST TREES. No. XVIII.

THE WHITE BEECH, (*Fagus sylvestris*.)

THE Beech, from its heavy mass of foliage, appears to have been considered by Gilpin, whose work on forest scenery is so well known, and so much esteemed, as by no means a picturesque tree in a landscape; he allows, however, its trunk to be often highly beautiful; it is studded with bold knobs and projections, and has sometimes a sort of irregular fluting about it, which is very characteristic. It has, also, another peculiarity which is sometimes pleasing, that of a number of stems arising from the root; the bark, too, often wears a pleasant hue. It is naturally of a dingy olive, but it is always overspread in patches with a variety of mosses and lichens, which are commonly of a lighter tint in the upper parts, and of a deep velvety green towards the root. But having praised the trunk, we can praise no other part of the skeleton; and although, says Evelyn, "on the whole, the massy, full-grown, luxuriant Beech is rather a displeasing tree," yet he agrees that sometimes we see in Beeches, of happy composition, the foliage falling in large flocks, or layers elegantly determined, between which the shadows have a very

forcible effect, especially when the tree is strongly illuminated.

But however the artist may dislike the massy appearance of the Beech, the great size to which it grows, will always render it a valuable addition to an English landscape, giving to the scenery an air of park-like grandeur.



THE WHITE BEECH, (*Fagus sylvatica*.)

The wood of the Beech, although much employed in common carpentry, such as the manufacture of bedsteads, &c., has several bad qualities; it is very apt to warp, is extremely tough and difficult to work, and very liable to decay from the attacks of insects. This last injury, it is said, can be guarded against by felling the tree in the beginning of Summer, allowing it to lie for at least a twelvemonth to season, and after it is cut into planks, immersing the wood in water for five or six months.

If the timber of the Beech is not of a superior quality, its seed, the *Beech Mast*, has frequently been of great service in the fattening of swine and deer. At times it has been used in the manufacture of bread, and Evelyn says that the inhabitants of the Island of Chios, in the Mediterranean, were saved from famine, and enabled to endure a siege, from being supplied with an abundance of Beech Mast. The seed also yields, by expression, a very sweetly-flavoured oil, and the leaves are an excellent substitute, or, rather, are preferable to straw, as stuffing for mattresses. Speaking of the Beech-leaves, Sir Thomas Lauder says,—

We can, from our own experience, bear testimony to the truth of what Evelyn says, as to the excellence of Beech-leaves for mattresses. We used always to think, that the most luxurious and refreshing bed is that which prevails universally in Italy, which consists of an absolute pile of mattresses, filled with the elastic spathe of the Indian corn,—we mean that delicate blade from which the large head of the plant bursts forth. These beds have the advantage of being soft as well as elastic, and we have always found the sleep enjoyed on them to be peculiarly sound and restorative; but the beds made of Beech-leaves are really no whit

behind them in these qualities, whilst the fragrant smell of green tea, which the leaves retain, is most gratifying. The only objection to them is, the slight crackling noise which they occasion when a person turns in bed; but this is no inconvenience at all, or if so, it is an inconvenience which is much overbalanced by the advantages of this most luxurious couch.

There is a variety of the common Beech, which forms an elegant ornament to our groves; its leaves are of a beautiful purplish-red colour.

Beech trees are usually reared from seedlings. The masts are preserved through the Winter in their husks, mixed with dry sand, and about the beginning of March are sown in shallow drills, about eighteen inches asunder. In the following March, with a spade made very sharp for the purpose, undermine the roots as they stand in the drills, and cut them through, between four and five inches under ground; The following Autumn or Spring you may either raise the whole or give them another cutting below ground, then gently raising such as are too thick, leave the remainder to stand another season. This manner of cutting the roots dexterously has, in a great measure, the same effect as transplanting. In this nursery they are to remain for two or three years; they are then to be transplanted in lines, three feet and a half asunder, at distances from each other of eighteen inches. At the end of four years they are fit for removal to the plantation. The variety with coloured leaves is propagated by budding it on the common kind.



LEAVES AND SEED-VESSEL OF THE BEECH.

Of the largest Beech trees in Great Britain we may mention one at Preston Hall, near Edinburgh, seventeen feet three inches in girth, at three feet from the ground. In 1789 a Beech was growing at Newbattle Abbey, of about the same measurement in girth, but otherwise a much larger tree; it was blown down about 1808, and contained a thousand measurable feet of timber, (twenty loads, or twenty-five tons). One at Knole Park, Kent, is perhaps the handsomest on record, but not the largest, taking its quantity of timber into consideration; its height is one hundred and five feet, and at three feet from the ground it is twenty-four feet in circumference.

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